

up, is known to you all. I cannot recollect that I have ever coveted any one's goods; oppressed the poor, the widow, or the orphan; done injustice between man and man, been awed by the rich and powerful to pervert judgment, or spurned from me the friendless wretch. In all cases I have looked to the man and his cause, and not to his circumstances or his influence, and have ever sided with him whom I truly believed was in the right. I have been devoted to liberty and the emancipation of my race; I have constantly had before my eyes the fear of God, and have endeavoured to keep his statutes. I will not deny that I shrink from the horrors of the grave; I will not deny that I feel some apprehensions as I go to take my stand at the dread tribunal, where the secrets of all hearts are known. But we must all die; it is a debt we contract the moment we enter upon existence. 'All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field,' yet to all inanimate nature the spring returns, and surely man, the glory of the earth, shall yet be renewed in perpetual youth. I trust in the mercy of God; such is the staff of my hope as I pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death."

With such discourse he passed the time, his body sinking daily, and his mind seeming to grow brighter, calmer, and steadier. On one occasion, desiring to be alone with us, he took us by the hand and said, "My young friend, I am going to show you how much you have won upon my affection. Here is a key that unlocks a square hair trunk which you will find in my study, in the opposite chamber. That trunk and its contents are yours, with this injunction: You are not to open it till after my death, and then you are to make such a discreet use of what you find as will redound most to the public good and the honour of my memory. A great charge is confided to you—act worthy of my confidence."

We expressed, in proper terms, our sense of the obligations conferred, and went out to take a stroll. In a niche, a shady niche, in the side of a mountain, we had often heard the innocent prattle of children, and had noticed them every morning strewing flowers upon a green hillock there that was covered over with ivy and violets. We had also seen Henry Warden and his lady going often to this place, where, from their manners, their conversation seemed to be of a sad and affecting character. Our curiosity had been awakened, and going to the place we saw, on a maple that stood at one end of the little knoll, and in letters that had been nearly effaced by time, the simple words, "Lucy Neal." We were musing on what we saw, observing that the tree had once been trimmed and cultivated, but

that its seats were now crumbling away, its paths choked up with grass, and its beds overgrown with weeds and wild flowers, when Henry Warden accosted us. He gave us a brief sketch of the life and death of Lucy Neal, and called our attention to the fact, that every thing about her rustic bower was still left exactly as it was when she died, excepting only the changes produced by Nature herself. About this time, the Rev. Dr. Caldwell arrived in the mountains, and the master seemed much edified by his discourse, and got him, in presence of us all, to read his will. He left a considerable sum of money to Alamance church, for the purpose of buying a library, and with the will was a catalogue of the books to be purchased; there were a number of charitable bequests to the poor, and particularly to children whose parents were not able to give them an education. The new teacher was also remembered; for to him was left his classics, and to every Alamancer he bequeathed some memento. To his friends Rust, Caldwell, and Uncle Corny, he left liberal legacies; but the bulk of his property was settled on the children of Warden and M'Leod, leaving to a little daughter of the former, named Lucy, his mountain estate, and to her father the balance of his books. His strength now failed rapidly, but he still was fond of company, and was particularly gratified by the affection of the children, whom he kept constantly about him. One day he had himself turned with his face to the wall, and, while holding the hand of a little boy who sat on the bed, the latter uttered a playful exclamation about the coldness of his skin, and we found the master was no more. According to his request, we buried him at the foot of a mountain, carving his name on a huge overhanging rock, and leaving him with that mighty hill for his monument, where none but the feet of the free shall ever tread upon his grave, and where, as he said, he should rise by the side of the pure spirit of Lucy on the morning of the resurrection.

Leaving his friends to lament his death and pay proper honours to his memory, we hurried home and impatiently awaited the arrival of the trunk. It came at last, and, eagerly unlocking it, we found it crammed with the master's manuscripts, and our eyes sparkled with pleasure as they ran over the various titles of the rare collection. There were essays on various subjects; a large bundle of maxims, bon-mots and pithy sayings; a book of table-talk; "The Log-Book of a Lady's Whims during One Month of her Earthly Voyage;" a great number of sonnets, epigrams, songs and poems, amorous, didactic, and satirical; a curious work called "The Rise and Progress of a Politician," another entitled "The Universal Vanities of Men," and a